

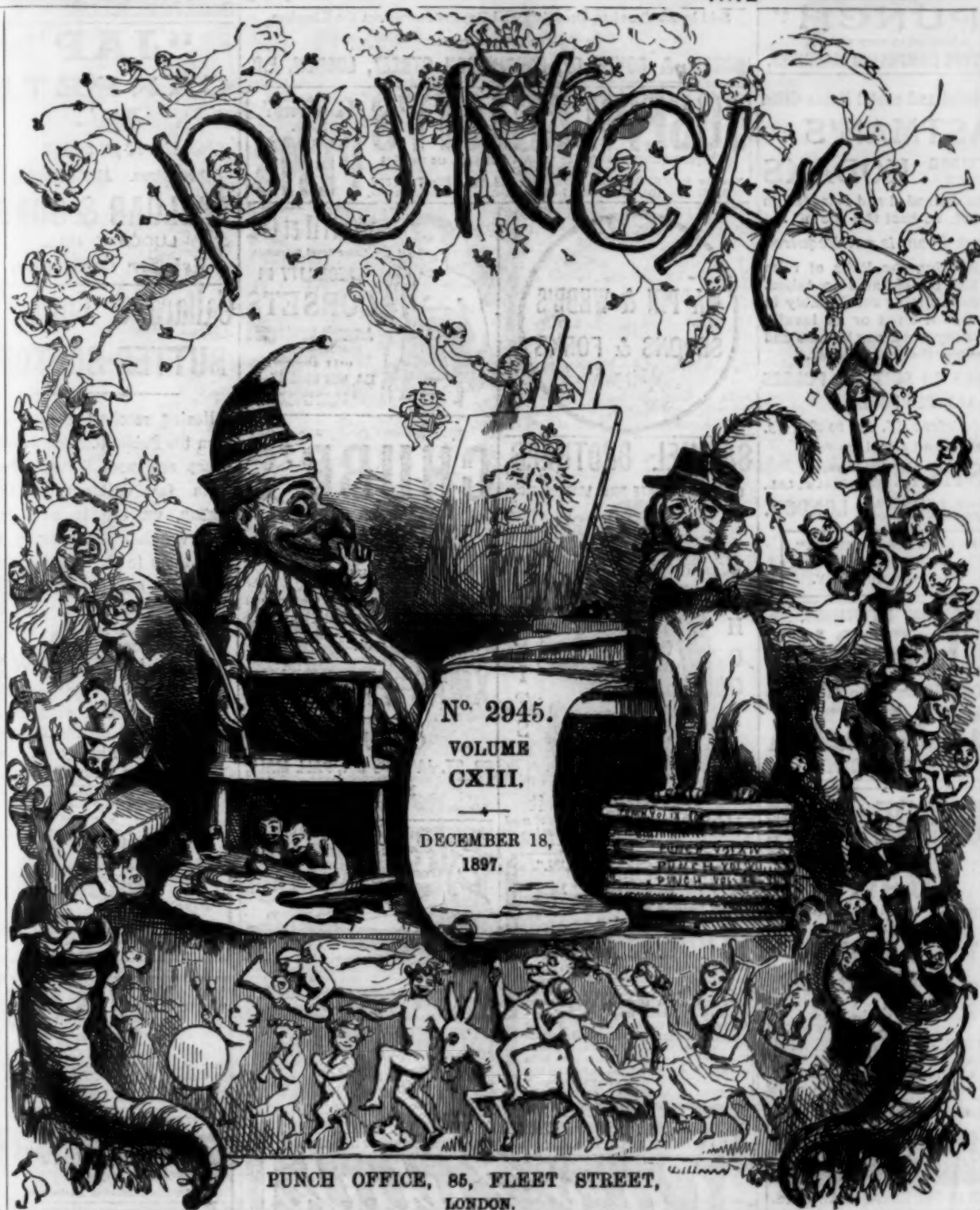
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MR. JOHN MORLEY ENTERS THE HOUSE

AFTER A COURSE OF DEPORTMENT AND THE CULTIVATION OF AN AFFABLE MANNER.

["Gentlemen, a short time ago a friend of mine, who sits on our Benches in the House of Commons, complained that those who, like myself, have the delightful privilege of sitting on the front Bench, 'dwell like stars apart.' (Laughter.) Ever since I read this reproach I have been endeavouring to cultivate the graces, the want of which my honourable friend complained—the graces of affability and accessibility, which, as Nature may have stunted me, I have endeavoured to cultivate up to what I may almost say is an artificial point. (Laughter.)"—From Mr. J. Morley's speech at Bristol, Dec. 9.]

"WANTED!"

HAPPILY it is true that the good men do lives after them. The memory of Mr. Punch's friend, and the friend of man, MONTAGUE WILLIAMS, is kept green by the Blanket and Clothing Fund he established whilst he presided over the Worship Street Police Court. This is designed to comfort at Christmas-time, with clothing, boots, and blankets, poor families resident in the purlieus of the Court. Worship Street Police-Court area includes Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Spitalfields, Hoxton, part of Old Ford, and part of Whitechapel. Which is a perhaps prolix, certainly conclusive, way of saying that the poorest of the poor of London shiver in its shadow. Last Christmas, through the beneficent agency of the Fund, five hundred families received timely help. This year, Mr. Punch's circle can easily go five hundred better. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up with your ready-money, delivered to the Magistrates at Worship Street, Mr. HADEN CORNER and Mr. A. R. CLUER, or, with gifts of clothing, to the Depot, 20, Albion Road, Dalston, addressed to Mr. JOHN MASSEY, missionary at the Court.

THE HUNT BALL.—"Ah, yes, I know him," observed the intelligent foreigner; "ze great national game of footballs, which all ze Engleesh ladies play on ze links."

WANTED, a PROGRAMME. Must not contain more than 150 items, of which not more than ten are to have first place. "Non plus," National Liberal Club.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE royal game of golf, says my Baronitess, has a fascination peculiarly its own, but according to Colonel Bogey's *Sketch Book*, by ANDRE (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), "that way madness lies." Certainly the pictures are somewhat nightmareish, and the accompanying sundry after-dinner sayings of the Colonel are a trifle confounding, as Captain Crosstree, "which it was his name," was wont to observe.

Just Forty Winks (BLACKIE AND SON), by HAMISH HENDRY, daintily illustrated by GERTRUDE BRADLEY, which is an eye-opener for the little ones, who will enjoy the amazing adventures of Davie Trot down the long lane that has so many turns in dreamland.

An Alphabet, by WILLIAM NICHOLSON, published by WILLIAM HEINEMANN, is grimly and gruesomely attractive. It should have a large circulation after the Christmas festivities are over, when the doomed ones of Dyspepsia will thoroughly enjoy these pictures.

MRS. DE LA PASTURE's last book, *Deborah of Tod's* (SMITH, ELDER), is the best novel my Baronite has read since the days began to shorten. One is interested from the first by desire to see how one of the most audacious plots in modern fiction can be reasonably worked out. There is nothing new in contrasting the simplicity and genuineness of rural life with the artificiality of London Society. The enterprise is carried to a perilous point when we have a septuagenarian General, K.C.B., a member of the inner circle of London Society, plopping into marriage with a girl who works upon her own farm, talks in Devonshire dialect, has been little to school and never outside her own parish. That she should not only acquit herself well in the new scenes to which her marriage introduces her, but that, by reason of her nobility of character, her purity of soul, her sound common sense, she should dominate the circle and finally marry a much-run-after Peer of the realm, form a group of propositions that seem impossible to establish. So perfect is MRS. DE LA PASTURE's skill, so infinite her resources, that all these things seem to follow as a matter of course. She is equally at home with humanity in country and in town. *Deborah* is delightful, whilst the less uncommon Society people with whom she for a while lives are drawn with light, firm, unerring touch. We seem to know them all, but only in one instance does MRS. DE LA PASTURE obviously draw from life. There is no mistaking the trade-mark of the butterfly about Mr. Cordella.

Even in these days of artistic *éditions de luxe* it is rare to find such prodigality bestowed on a reproduction of the work of a black-and-white artist as is displayed in the handsome volume, printed at The Whitefriars Press for T. FISHER UNWIN and BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co., entitled, *The Work of Charles Keene*, with a most interesting introduction and useful running commentary by JOSEPH PENNELL. The volume also contains a bibliography of the books KEENE illustrated, and a catalogue of his etchings. Of the remarkable examples of work that may be generally termed "variations" on his original style, there are some that, without the signature, might have been set down to GEORGE DU MAURIER; and there are others that would puzzle any expert as to whose artistic handiwork he should, off-hand, assign it. In all this collection there is one that stands absolutely alone; it is a "Wash drawing probably made for the *Illustrated London News*." "It is," says Mr. PENNELL, "very like the work of RAFFET or CHARLEY"; and, we may add diffidently, it strongly reminds us of MEIMONTER and of GUSTAVE DORE. But while it "reminds" us of these artists in their treatment of similar subjects, it stands entirely apart, not only from any suggestion of imitation of any other artist's style and method, but also from all other specimens of KEENE's work in this collection. As Mr. PENNELL here notes, "Each little figure is instinct with life, movement, and character." As to women, it is evident that KEENE could draw a pretty and a handsome face, also an elegant form; but as to costume, very rarely was he in touch with the fashions of the day. He could not approach LEWIS in depicting a "swell"; while, on the other hand, his tradesmen, writers, clergy of the old school, his labourers, and ancient village gossips male and feminine, are perfect types. In the matter of "legs" (see p. 161), his study of "an inebriate" is marvellous; but somehow or another he never succeeded in giving us Mr. MILLIKEN's "Arty." It was CHARLES KEENE's "Arty." In his pictures the landscapes are lovely. But in the company of Mr. PENNELL, with the majority of whose criticisms we agree, we could linger for hours over a book which, it is a pleasure to know, will soon be in the hands of all sincere admirers of this great artist's work.

SEASONABLE DISH FOR A SPORTSMAN.—A plate o' fox-tail soup.



THE CONVERTED SPORTSMAN.

Rev. Rosebery. "OH, MY DEARLY BELOVED GIMORACKS, SHUN THE TURF. TAKE WARNING BY MY AWFUL EXAMPLE, AND 'TURN IT UP'!"

[See Lord ROSEBERY'S speech to the members of the Gimcrack Club, *Times*, December 8.]



Jones (newly married). "THERE'S MY DARLING PLAYING THE GUITAR!"



(But it wasn't. It was only the Garden Roller over the gravel!)

DARBY JONES "OVER THE STICKS."

By "sticks"—which sounds like Jupiter's oath, but isn't anything of the sort—I mean the made-up hedges and hurdles of the Winter Racecourses. I would first of all, right-revered Patron of Sport, enquire why this particular pastime should be dubbed the "Illegitimate Game" by many of those Brilliant Writers of Prose, who frequently burst forth into Blank Verse, when describing one of those memorable meetings associated with the Unbarinistered Flat? I confess, Sir, that on very many occasions the way of Progression at meetings held under National Hunt Rules differs but little from those governed by the sway of the Jockey Club. Throw in a flat race and three or four easily-negotiated hurdle-matches, and there isn't much difference, after all! Oh! those hurdles, which my friends the B. W.'s persist in calling "obstacles"! Why, time after time I've seen a flat-racing horse run through them, and disdain to lift himself, when he encountered the supposed check to his progress. The only time that I ever remember a hurdle being a hindrance to any competitor, was once at Sandown, when an animal, having "rushed" the barrier, caught it with his heels and landed it on the head of the jockey of a near opponent. Believe me, that in Practice, if not in Theory, there is but little to choose between Flat-racing and Hurdle-hopping, and the fact that Newmarket has taken up the game is a very solid proof of my assertion.

You will observe that I have not included Steeplechasing. But there are Steeple-

chases and Steeplechases, just as there are Oysters and Oysters. One of the latter, with a Noah's Ark habitation, and a beard worthy of advertising a Petroleum Hair Restorer, is no more to be compared with a beauteous Whitstable or Colchester Native than is a supposed Steeplechase Course, with finnikin fences and a duck-pond water-jump, to the magnificent country over which the Grand National is determined. The way in which some of these steeple-tracks are made without steeples is occasionally delightful. Not very many years since, I was going over a course before a meeting, when the Great Mogul of the gathering observed with infinite satisfaction to his little court of followers, "You will observe, gentlemen, that we have strictly avoided using barbed wire!" And I give you my word that not one of the Pomponius Egoes of the party detected the exceedingly enjoyable jape.

And again, every farmer with a few acres of unprofitable land thinks that it would make a fine terrain for "lepping." I knew a Gentle Agriculturist with three quarters of a mile of bog at his disposal, who invited a Well-known Sportsman to inspect the same, paying all his expenses from London. "Well," cried the Bucolic, after their tramp, "what do you think of it?" "I think," replied the Scientist, without the slightest smile, "that you must have been thinking of a regatta, not a Steeplechase meeting." They never spoke again.

I may not expatiate on all these matters to-day, but, as the Bard says, "There is a to-morrow." He might also have added, "and a settling-day," for I candidly confess

that an indifferent time at the fair town of Leicester (where factory girls and Stilton cheeses appear to vie with one another in multitude) has placed me in the unenviable position of drawing a small Note of Hand on your esteemed self, but you, as of old, know well, Beneficent Patron, that Current Coin is not more readily acknowledged, or the signature of Mr. H. G. BOWEN, than is the handwriting of

Your ever faithful fiduciary,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—The N. of H. will probably arrive before this despatch. Therewith append a short metrical vision into future events at Nottingham. "Tout" à vous. *Comprenez?* The *Storm Light of Summer* is sure to do well

At the town of the lambs and the lace,
And *Lottie the Charming* may errors dispel
If she pulls off the big steeplechase.
But I deem that the first by the winning-post award
Is the *Cat* who is tricky, but carries a *Ward*.

[The N. of H. has arrived before D. J.'s disjointed letter. We have referred the unfortunate holder of the bill—apparently a worthy citizen of Leicester—to DARBY JONES him-*self*, but the latter's address we were unable to furnish.—Ed.]

Must draw the Line somewhere.

Excited Backer (at cross-country meeting, to *Well-known "Bookie"*). Look here, what'll you lay me *Oyster-shell*?

W. B. (with dignity). You'll excuse me, Sir, but I'm looking on to-day as a gentleman!
[*E. B.* collapses.]

A VERY POPULAR INTERNATIONAL DIET.
—Green Peace Soup with well-meant flavouring.



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

A LITTLE GAME IN POMPELIUS'S BILLIARD ROOM.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. VI.—To MR. ANDREW LANG.

MY DEAR SIR,—To the foot of the heights whence you distribute the wreaths of praise and the bolts of blame I venture to bring this humble letter. I beg you will not thunder upon me if I rouse you for a moment from some dream of airy ghosts to be embodied in yet another volume that shall grapple with the elusive manifestations of the world beyond our vision. What gadfly has stung you that you should thus devote your pleasant learning to the pursuit of these silly stories, these second-sight absurdities retailed at third hand, these vaporous shapes that speak of fate and death to minds overwrought by a morbid brooding, that point to the accomplished inevitable, nor hint (how should they?) in what fashion it may be undone or avoided? You, Sir, whose literary style has so greatly captured our admiration as to have extorted the award of a first prize amongst moderns from that not too placable censor, Mr. QUILLER COUCH, are fitted to hunt for a nobler quarry. Leave Julia and her brood (the word requires a phantasmal apology, since Julia was in life a spinster lady and addicted to journalism), leave her, I say, to her creator and protégé, Mr. W. T. STREAD. If she falls, scouse, into your ink-pot, or sprawls and scrawls across your writing-paper, how shall she hold the pen of STREAD or indite unctuous blessings to mankind when *Borderland* shall once more have lapsed from a happy suspense into woful publication? No, let her still be STREAD's own. For you, if you will, there are other pursuits. If you will, I say. But will you? Of what avail is it to cry to you, *desine pervicax*, if, with your eyes open, you still persist in straying amongst these tangled weeds? If I should tell you (far from me be the presumption) that you not only fool away your time, but that you incur the censure pronounced by the French king on those who fooled without making him laugh—the quotation is, no doubt, familiar to you in the original—you might justly answer that a man's

time is his own to fool away if he likes, and that, as at present advised, you prefer psychic research to poetry and even to criticism or leading articles on American writers in the columns of the *Daily News*. Well, every man to his taste, say I. And I must admit that your taste has been catholic. You have rhymed most musically. Though the sum of your verse is small, there is in it a perfect little note of true poetic feeling never forced beyond the bounds that style and an academic culture point out. Others, greatly daring, may venture on a wild wrong word, and find that is absolutely right and tamed to the measure of poetry. You have picked and chosen with a precise care, and your lines sometimes lose in strength as much as they gain in polish. But they have a haunting and delightful melody, and often speak straight to the heart. And how versatile you have been. Essay, criticism, short story, leading article, folk-lore, literary gossip, verse—in all these you have shone and still shine. You have paddled along the little rivers that flow into the great stream of history, have lingered with Pretenders, false and true, and have exhibited to posterity the hateful faces of forgotten spies. Nor must it be forgotten that you have written a long poem—it fills a whole volume—on Helen of Troy, and have wrought the same lady into a novel, written in collaboration with Mr. RIDER HAGGARD. You, at least, as you review your career and your work have no reason to despond. It is not for you to pose as the *homme incompris* of your generation. You have, I suppose, done what you wanted, and have done it as you wished to do it. What more can a man require of his life? If you have not gained the brightest chaplets, the reason is that you have not striven for them, and have not cared to strive. But, if the humour should take you, there is yet time for immortality, provided you can bring yourself to abandon for a space your curious prying into the speech and manners of deceased persons. With your dispute against Professor MAX MÜLLER, I need not concern myself. These matters are too steep for the average man who refuses to puzzle his head with the why and

the wherefore of his language, his manners and his religion, being content on the whole to accept the fact of their existence as being amply sufficient for ordinary purposes.

Your position, then, is an enviable one, and you occupy it because you have fairly earned it. Without being "bland, passionate, and deeply religious," you are cultivated, academic, and sarcastic. Generally, too, you are urbane, humorous, and even genial. Now and then, it is true, a gust of perverse temper shakes you, you drop the rapier, and, lo, some unfortunate head cracks to the blow of your bludgeon. I must add, too, that you have your fair share of that very human failing, resentment, and those who can recognise your style are sometimes amused when here and there the *spretæ injuria formæ* crops up in your writings. But is there one of us so virtuous and forgiving as not to indulge at times in a sly thrust at those who have done him wrong? These are trifles thin as air. And take you for all in all we shall not soon look upon your like again. You are a literary man, and you take pride in your calling. You have added greatly by your writings to the sum of our pleasure; you maintain the dignity of journalism no less than the honour of literature. Yet you are not of those who call out for titles or swagger ostentatiously because Heaven and your inclination made you a writing man. I am, Sir, Your faithful servant,

THE VAGRANT.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

["The heroine is steadily departing from English fiction."—*Mr. W. L. Alden*, in "*Pearson's Magazine*" for December.]

My study-door was flung open, and, to my astonishment, a crowd of ladies entered. All of them were fairly young, though they were dressed in every possible variety of costume, and all of them seemed to be in a state of considerable excitement.

"May I ask," I inquired, timidly, "to what I owe the pleasure of seeing you here?"

"Certainly you may," replied one of them, brandishing a magazine as she spoke. "We have called in consequence of a disgraceful statement published in this journal. We are all popular heroines, who up to the present have found constant employment in English fiction. But now it appears that there is a conspiracy afoot to get rid of us, and in consequence, we are calling upon various novelists to ascertain their intentions towards us. Do you propose to exclude us from your novels in future?"

Before I could reply, a beautiful girl in a white ball-dress pushed her way to the front, and addressed me in tearful accents:—

"It is too bad!" she sobbed. "I am the most popular heroine of all, and have delighted countless readers. I am just nineteen, you know, and the most charming girl in the whole world—the hero always tells me so. We sit out several dances together in the conservatory, and while he explains how he has adored me through a couple of hundred pages, I turn away nervously and pull a rose to pieces. I must have destroyed thousands of roses in my time. Then, when he misinterprets my silence and says, in a voice trembling with emotion, that he knows he doesn't deserve my love, I gasp out his Christian name, and he folds me in his manly arms. And then we get married in the last chapter and live happily ever after. Readers never get tired of me, and yet I'm to be turned out with no work to do!"

She seized a rose from her dress and began to pull it to pieces as she spoke. A tall, dark girl took her place.

"And how about me?" she demanded. "Aren't you going to use me any more? I am the mysterious, passionate heroine who always fascinates the best kind of hero. I am all soul. After dinner I sing weird songs in a way that astonishes every one, and then the hero and I walk out into the moonlight and listen to the nightingale together. Frequently I talk about the problems of existence, and the weary irony of life. I can fill a dozen pages at a time in that way. But beneath my languid indolence there lurks a passion that is simply volcanic. When the villain insults me, I wither him in one vitriolic sentence. Sometimes I marry the hero, but more often I die; my death-scene is simply concentrated essence of the very best pathos. And even if I am a little bit old-fashioned, readers like me as much as ever. You had better remember my volcanic passion if you propose to cashier me, you miserable scribbler!"

"Gadzooks!" cried a third lady, in mediæval costume, "an it were possible to put forth those jades, it were none so easy, mark you, to get rid of me. I am the heroine of the historical romance. A pure, sweet country lass, 'i faith, who charms the heart of that courtly gallant, the hero. None can say 'grammercy' with a grace more rare, and oftentimes my speech hath a



THE HOPE THAT FAILED.

Sir Percy Goldman, M.P. (affably seeking subjects of conversation with his Constituents). "I THINK MY WIFE MENTIONED THAT YOU ARE A GREAT COLLECTOR, MR. BAKER; I DO A LITTLE IN THAT WAY MYSELF—IS IT COINS?"

Mr. Baker. "I PREFER IT IN THAT FORM, SIR PERCY, THOUGH I TAKE CHEQUES IN SOME CASES—I COLLECT FOR SMALL, PROFIT, & CO., 'IGH STREET."

snack of four centuries on a single page. Beshrew me if the reader heedeth that! Dost think, variet, that I am to be driven forth from the pages of popular fiction? By my halidom—and little wot I what that may be—thou wilt attempt to banish me at thy peril!"

"The fact of the matter is," cried another lady, who wore a hard felt hat, a bicycling skirt and gaiters, and who had helped herself unasked to one of my cigarettes, "that we aren't so soft as you fancy—not by a long chalk. I am a fashionable sportin' heroine, and if you fancy that you can write your stories on your own, without my help, you'll get jolly well left, old cock; you may put your bottom dollar on that. Why, what's to become of your huntin' and racin' yarns if you leave me out?"

At last there was a moment's pause, and, having barricaded myself behind the sofa, I attempted to speak.

"Ladies!" I exclaimed, "I respect you sincerely—I do, indeed. All of you are old friends of mine, and I've found posts for most of you in one or other of my novels. But what is a poor writer to do? The novel with a heroine is becoming unfashionable, 'the heroine is steadily departing from English fiction,' as *Mr. Alden* says, and—in point of fact, I can't offer you any employment in future."

"What?" they shrieked in chorus. "You refuse? You will turn us away from—"

"Hush," cried an authoritative voice from the background, "the matter now rests with me. I, Sir, am a heroine in the employ of *Mrs. Hodgson Burnett*—I am, in fact, a Lady of Quality. Perhaps you will remember that when a man annoys me, I murder him and hide his corpse under the sofa. You have a sofa, I think?"

At these terrible words I gave one despairing yell—and awoke.



"OH, PLEASE, 'M, TH' NOO PARSON'S CALLED TO SEE YOU."

"VERY WELL, MART. I HOPE YOU'VE SHOWN HIM IN, AND ASKED HIM TO SIT DOWN!"

"OH, YES, 'M, AH'VE LOOKED 'IN INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM!"

STILL ABROAD.

Vienna.—Arrive about eight. After supper at the hotel, what is to be done? Too late for any theatre. Just take a stroll in the streets. In the Ring-Strasse, of course, here at the very door. On such a fine evening the Paris Boulevards would be crowded. Even Piccadilly, or Princes Street, Edinburgh, would not be deserted. Have always understood that Vienna is quite unlike London or Edinburgh; that it is as gay as Paris. How pleasant! I will walk out and see all the fun, here in this part of the Ring-Strasse, the part nearest to the Opera, the Boulevard des Capucines of Vienna. Should perhaps assume a jaunty air, suited to the place. Must not look like a weary American, or a bored English tourist. Might put my hat a little on one side, if I were sure that that would be correct in Vienna. Can arrange this when I see how the other men in the crowd wear their hats. So, merely lighting a cigarette, and giving an extra twist to my moustache, I stroll into the street.

I am absolutely alone! From end to end there isn't a soul besides me! Come to that, I don't know which is the end, for the street is so monstrously wide that the width and the length, in this segment of the circle, are about the same. But neither across, nor along the street can I see any one. The Boulevard des Capucines of Vienna, at half-past nine on a fine October evening, is quieter than Portland Place at midnight on Sunday. My moustache untwists itself, and my hat slips towards the back of my head. Could walk here in flannels without being noticed. Keep along by the houses, and reach the immense space by the Opera. It is as deserted as Salisbury Plain. Only Salisbury Plain is not covered with huge cobble-stones, and pools of water between them. Shall not attempt to cross. Smoke a cigarette at the corner. Remember a tranquil, moonlit scene, something like this, at Bologna. Also at Venice, only there the

moon shone on water alone, without cobble-stones. Bologna, Venice, Vienna; nice quiet places for nervous invalid.

Suddenly, terrific noise, clatter of hoofs and wheels. As yet I see nothing. Must be fire-engine. Suddenly, round a corner, at a fearful pace, comes two-horse cab. It rattles over these cobble-stones, and stops at Opera House. Others come, with equal noise, and I see dark figures slip out from the great building, some of them riding away in the clattering cabs, most of them jumping over the pools of water and vanishing in side streets. Then I understand that the Opera is over, and that even the belated patrons of the drama have gone home to bed. Ten. I must do the same.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

"EQUAM MEMENTO REBUS IN ARDUIS
SERVARE MENTEM."

MY HORACE, most excellent fellow,
No doubt it was easy for you,
With your farm and Falernian mellow,
To preach a philosophy true.

But to others, whose ancestors often
Have left but a name to uphold,
The practice lacks something to soften
A theory so manfully bold.

At Eton, long since, and most dearly,
I've paid for your verses, as such.
Mens æqua in arduis!—clearly
It's asking a little too much.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—In case of serious fires in London, it appears from the recent inquiry, the water supply will always be sufficient as long as the Fire Brigade has Command o' Wells.



SHUNTED!!

Mrs. BRITANNIA, "GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE GOT THAT NASTY TRUCK OUT OF THE WAY, YOUNG MAN, IN TIME FOR THE CHRISTMAS EXPRESS!"



FEMALE AMENITIES.

Mrs. Aylesbury. "Do tell me what Bit you used to use,—as I can't hold this Horse I bought at your Sale!"

Mrs. Quorn. "I really don't remember,—as, when I used to ride it, it was such a Slug, I was compelled to use a Cutting Whip to make it go."

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

MY DEAR ETHEL,—You ask me what "sort of a husband" I recommend. My dear, ask me the name of a dressmaker, of a doctor, or of a (ugh!) dentist, and I can tell you precisely. I can name the man. But what sort of a husband!! Well, after sifting the matter carefully, and after looking before you leap, and after an experience of some few years of married life, I say, decidedly, choose a man

You will find him very useful if managed judiciously; he will prove an immense saving to you, as if you went alone you would have to tip porters, and squabble with cabmen. Then from a certain point of view I should advise some of those "about to marry" to select a man

you may attend assiduously to your domestic duties, which include visiting, five o'clock teas, and so forth, then ascertain that your husband is of a maternal disposition, and one



Who likes to go Shopping.



Who has no Club.

But this is an exceptional case. Finally, if you wish to be strictly economical, and to live in the suburbs, or in the country, and if your husband has no occupation or profession, then I should say, in order that

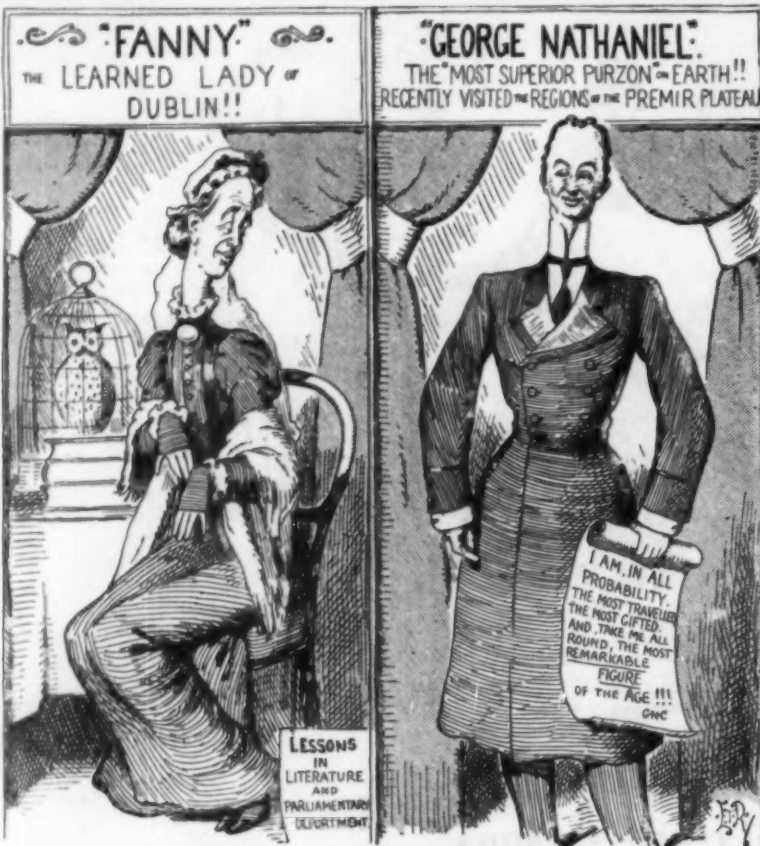


Who does this.

If I think of anything else I will let you know. But, above all, please yourself, and by so doing you will delight

Yours affectionately, Dora.

JUST THE JEWEL FOR AN AUTO-MOBILIST.
—A motor-car-buncle.



TWO MORE "SIDE SHOWS" THAT SIMPLY MUST NOT BE OMITTED AT OLYMPIA.

Hint to Visitors.—A DEEP OBEDIENCE SHOULD BE MADE ON APPROACHING GEORGE NATHANIEL BY ALL VISITORS BELOW THE RANK OF EMPEROR, OTHERWISE HE RETIRE HURT, THREATENING GENERAL CHAOS IN EUROPE.

THE RECRUIT'S VADE MECUM.

Question. You have joined the army with a view to distinguishing yourself in the annals of your country?

Answer. Not exactly; although no doubt I liked the idea of wearing a red coat, and belonging to a service once commanded by MARLBOROUGH and WELLINGTON.

Q. I see by your reply that you have some education?

A. Yes, thanks to the School Board.

Q. Then could you not employ your time to better purpose than drill in the barrack square and beer in the canteen?

A. Possibly; although nowadays learning is rather a drug in the market. So I joined, for, at the moment, I had nothing better to do.

Q. And I suppose that your comrades were rolling stones like yourself?

A. You may take it that most of us belonged to the no'er-do-well class.

Q. And what do you expect from your connection with the army?

A. A few years of comparative comfort, and then compulsory retirement.

Q. But will not your service with the colours assist to get civil employment on your retirement?

A. No; because, during my stay in the army, I shall lose the chance of acquiring

technical knowledge of the craft I might like to adopt.

Q. You mean that non-army men would have an advantage over you in this respect?

A. Certainly; and this would also be true ament the obligation of the reservist.

Q. What is that obligation?

A. At a call from headquarters to desert all civil employment to join his old regiment.

Q. Does this interfere with the obtainment of civil employment?

A. Undoubtedly; and consequently service in the army is a doubtful blessing.

Q. Why is it a doubtful blessing?

A. Because a youngster is taken for a few years into a service that can only teach him the discipline of endurance, and then sent adrift to compete with men who have been learning their trades from their childhood.

Q. Then why do you enlist?

A. Because there is nothing better to do in the present, and as for the future, it must look after itself.

BARBAROUS.—The barbed wire fences in a hunting country.

A LORDLY ECCLESIASTIC.—Bishop EARLE.

A PREVIOUS QUESTION.

"We are sorry to see that something like a contention is arising as to what shall be the 'foremost and immediate object' of the Liberal Party. . . . Whether the Lords can be attacked with any prospect of success out of the *ewigkeit*, so to speak, is a very serious question. . . . The first business, however, if we may venture to remind the party of a very practical a consideration, is to obtain a majority."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

THE Liberal hens sat on their eggs,
It was a solemn sight;
Their brows were knit, their eyes were lit
With a strange prophetic light;
Their beaks came out beyond the bars
Sniffing the *ewigkeit*.

Some of them sat so deep in thought
They never said a word;
The Monmouth brand on the other hand
Occasionally purred;
And a pleasant flow of badinage
Fell from the Birrell-bird.

The Durdans fowl was well aware
She was warning lumps of stone;
And the Montrose Pet had got a set
Of Gaelic ducks on loan;
But the Bantam-hen from Battersea
Sat hard upon her own.

To wile away their leisure time,
And it went exceeding slow,
Their fancies ran on a likely plan
For making chickens grow;
On a programme pointing out the way
That a chicken ought to go.

"Home Rule," said one, "is what they want,
As I observed before."
By this she stuck with a steady cluck,
And even slightly swore;
But the others lifted up their bills
And called the bird a bore.

Another said: "At certain sins
No parent ought to blink;
Let us not pause in passing laws
To localise the Drink."
But the others looked a little shy,
And one was seen to wink.

At this the Bantam opened out
With a proletarian snort:
"I'd train 'em to bust the upper-crust,
The bloated birds of sport!"
But the more respectable muttered
"Pooh!"
Which cut the Bantam short.

Then one in Henhood's name produced
A notion to serve their need;
The same would enhance their chickens'
chance
And check their neighbours' greed:—
"One bird, one crop: one crop, one grain!"
And they all said: "Good, indeed!"

Out spoke at length a thoughtful fowl
That knew the ropes and rings:
"Before we teach our chickens to screech
Or forage or wag their wings,
By way of preface a useful move
Would be to hatch the things."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—PUZZLED.

—The symptoms you describe are not unusual—we often suffer that way ourselves. A disinclination for any kind of work, a feeling that we must dine royally somewhere, go to the theatre afterwards, and wind up at a supper-club, are quite normal conditions with us. We do not view them with any alarm.



HORRIBLE PREDICAMENT.

Gent (on mettlesome Hiredling). "ELP! 'ELP! SOMEBODY STOP 'IM! 'E'S GOING TO JUMP, AND I CAN'T!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Poetical Young Person is inditing an effusion to his fancied Mistress, when he receives a coldly-worded missive.

I THOUGHT that we were friends that night,
Or something else, or something else!
You filled my heart with sweet delight,
Or something else, or something else!
Your lips were telephones to me,
The while your eyes made mine to see,
I fancied all that you might be
Of something else, of something else!

I thought that we'd together roam
In somewhere else, in somewhere else!
But everywhere should be our home
In somewhere else, in somewhere else!
By sunny waters, unknown seas,
Mid everlasting blooms and trees,
You, only you I'd slave to please,
In somewhere else, in somewhere else!

You never should your power lose,
And somewhat else, and somewhat else!
Yours be the right to pick and choose,
And somewhat else, and somewhat else!
Yours be the voice to guide our way,
You to command and I obey,
You be the "Yea," not I the "Nay,"
And somewhat else, and somewhat else!

In praise of you I'd use a ream,
For no one else, for no one else!
Reality's in you a dream,
In no one else, in no one else!—
I'd written this when you upset
My auto-car, and with regret
I read between the lines, you've met
With some one else, with some one else!

A WORD FROM THE CRACKERIES.—A reliable recipe from our own Crackery book on how to make a Christmas evening go off as it should in the crackiest, cheeriest method. First, deck the board in all the tinselled graces from "The Artistic Table Decorations," then, under the blue light of the "X Rays," the marvels of "The Cinematographe" can be mixed with sea-



sonable fare from "Relics of the North," trifles left by NANSEN's bears. Most digestible! Though possibly, after devouring "The Christmas Stories," "Goblins," as the pervading spirit of festivity, may haunt one's dreams. No matter, with such ingredients, served as they are by TOM SMITH, a true evening-party hilarity is secured, at least so says

ROB ROY MCCRACKERY, O!

TEMPORARY CHANGE OF INITIALS.—"A. B." writes to us, saying, "It is very hard on me. But it must be so. I enjoy Christmas thoroughly—turkey, pies, puddings, and all the golopshus delicacies of the season. When Christmas festivities are over, I am no longer 'A. B.,' but 'C. D.'"

"SHINE OUT, FAIR SUN."

[The Times, following Mr. Punch's suggestion, again records the sunshine.]

WHAT Mr. Punch suggested,
Oh! Times, you've kindly done.
We all are interested
To hear about the sun.
Who'd keep a log
Of rain and fog
If he could see the sun?

Alas, the record-making,
Which you've again begun,
Is often record-breaking
In just recording none!
Day after day,
You mostly say,
"Bright sunshine, London, none."

WAKE UP.—It is announced that Mr. GOODDAY will be the new General Manager of the Brighton Railway. Travellers on the line might say that hitherto Goodnight would have been more appropriate for the sleepy railway of sleepy Sussex. Unless they remarked that the trip from Portsmouth to Hastings, or even from Victoria to Brighton after 4.30 P.M., was a good day's journey. Good, eh? Only they are always too miserably tired even to make bad puns.

At the Celestial Restaurant.

Customer (indignantly). Hi! waiter, what do you call this soup?

Waiter (meekly). I not know, Sir, but ze padrone tell me to describe 'im Cocks-tail!



QUITE AN INSULT.

Grandmamma (to the boys, arrived for a week's visit). "So, my dears, as that nasty old LEATHER FOOTBALL OF UNCLE FRANK'S IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU, I HAVE MADE THIS NICE NEW WOESTED ONE FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH INSTEAD."

IN RE—PINKERTON'S INSURANCE.

PART II.—Mr. Briefless loses both a Friend and a Client.

"Now, mind, I am not to be disturbed," I said to PORTINGTON, as, pen in hand, I sat before the desk upon which was spread the insurance form dealing with PINKERTON'S—if I may use the expression—vital characteristics. "To-day, even Sir GEORGE must wait, and if the matter is particularly pressing, hand it over to Mr. DE PUTRE POTTE."

I confess I was not very sanguine of receiving anything of moment, nor desirous of advancing the forensic career of the learned gentleman—I cannot call him friend—I had mentioned, but my admirable and excellent clerk understood me.

"Certainly, Sir. No doubt Mr. DE PUTRE POTTE will be very pleased to devil for you."

"No doubt, PORTINGTON, no doubt. He is welcome to the professional distinction such an office may confer on him."

This settled, I turned my attention to the questions that I was asked to answer. I had PINKERTON'S leave to reply without fear or favour, and according to the dictates of my conscience.

"How long have you known him?"

Well, about ten or twelve years. That seemed the obvious reply, but then, was not something more required? To say that one "knows" any one suggests an intimate acquaintance with the person that was scarcely warranted by my acquaintance with PINKERTON. Had I dined with him? No, not even on Christmas Day. So, after the most careful consideration, I cautiously replied, "I have never really known him," putting the adverb into italic.

"When did you see him last, and was he then in good health?"

The first part of the answer was plain sailing, and I wrote "Yesterday." But how about the rest? He seemed well enough, but then I am no doctor, and cannot reply as an expert. So again, I replied guardedly, "He told me he was in good health," putting the verb this time in the emphasising type.

"What is the present and general state of his health?"

Again I was perplexed. How could I form a diagnosis as a layman? It was unfair to ask this of me. So I disposed of the matter by writing, "I would prefer not to say."

"Are you aware of his having at any time been seriously unwell? And if so, when?"

Another poser. According to PINKERTON, he is never in robust health, in fact, quite the reverse. So, remembering his injunction to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I replied, frankly, "From what he tells me he is always seriously unwell."

"Have you known or heard of his being afflicted with apoplexy, palsy, fits, or insanity, with asthma, palpitation, or other affections of the heart, lungs, or chest, with dropsy, rheumatism, gout, erysipelas, or any other disease or permanent injury which may tend to shorten life?"

Once more I was at a distinct disadvantage. How was I to know whether PINKERTON suffered from any of the above list? So I wrote, "Again I would prefer to keep silence. You had better ask him yourself." And then my legal training asserted itself. So I added a rider, "You are not bound—he will not be making an affidavit—to believe everything he tells you." This, to my mind, was an eminently fair answer, and could do no harm to any one.

"Do you know his habits to be strictly sober and temperate?"

Come, this was too strong! I was indignant at having to reply to so insulting a question, so I answered in a tone of indignation, "Gentlemen, he is my friend, and I refuse to answer."

"Do you believe they have always been so?"

Here, again, was an unpleasant and even embarrassing inquiry. How could I give my belief? I could not help remembering an occasion when he said I was not personally qualified to write the book I propose publishing (which will, in point of fact, comprise my memoirs), *From the Gown of the Student to the Chancellor's Wig: the Experiences of a Practising Barrister*. At the time of the assertion I had declared that he must be either "mad or drunk," so I wrote, guardedly—giving him, so to speak, the benefit of the doubt—"He may at times have been perfectly sober."

"Is his occupation or mode of living in any respect injurious to health?"

Again a poser. I recollected that he mentioned once that his medical attendant had told him that a week at Margate would do him a world of good. This looked as if the physician considered a change of career advisable. So I put, "Well, after all, it's a matter of opinion, and doctors may be wrong like other folk."

"Were his parents long lived?"

This I could answer off-hand. He is very reticent about his people, so I wrote the truth, "He never will tell me."

"Have any of his near relatives been affected with consumption, or insanity, or any other disease supposed to be hereditary?"

Now this I could answer diplomatically, and moreover show that whatever PINKERTON'S head might be his heart was in the right place. I wrote accordingly, "I know he has always been most kind to his family, spending most of his time at their sick-beds."

"Are there any other circumstances known to you affecting the eligibility of this life which the Directors ought to know?"

Again distinctly inquisitorial, so I administered a well-deserved snub, "Gentlemen," I wrote, "I will not betray confidences."

"Do you consider the proposed assurance more than usually hazardous?"

It was the last question, so I thought I would conclude with a word of pleasing encouragement. "Come, gentlemen," I wrote, "show yourselves Englishmen and be brave!"

Glad to have finished my task I opened my door, and my excellent and admirable clerk entered.

"While you were at work, Sir, a brief was left for you."

Could I believe my ears! Come, this was good news!

"And as you were engaged, and they wanted to consult counsel at once, I sent them on to Mr. DE PUTRE POTTE."

I could scarcely speak. See what I had sacrificed on the altar of friendship!

And what makes the disappointment the harder to bear is, that since I sent in the paper to that insurance office, PINKERTON meets me almost daily and invariably cuts me! I am told he is still a bachelor.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, December 12, 1897.

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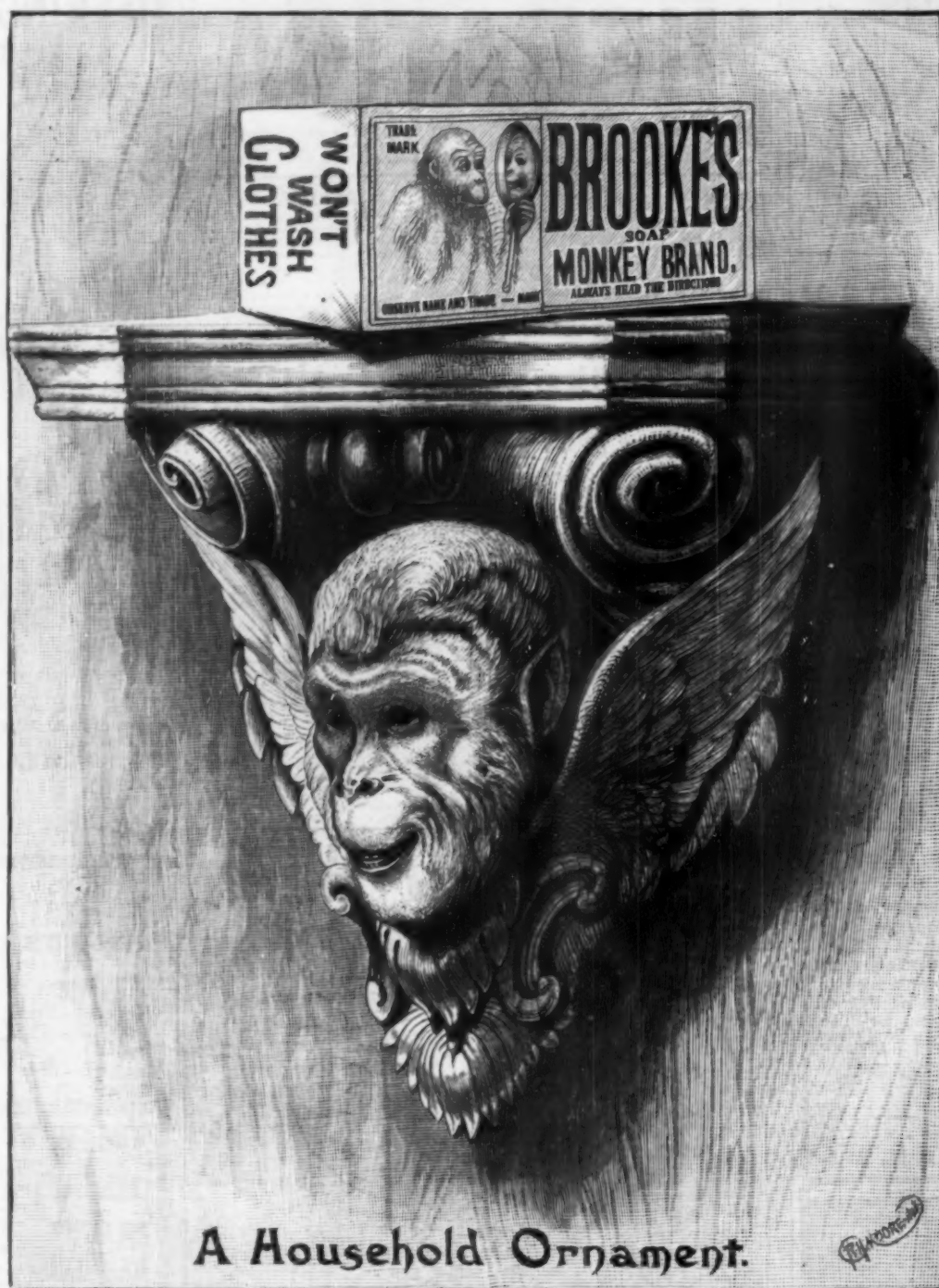
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